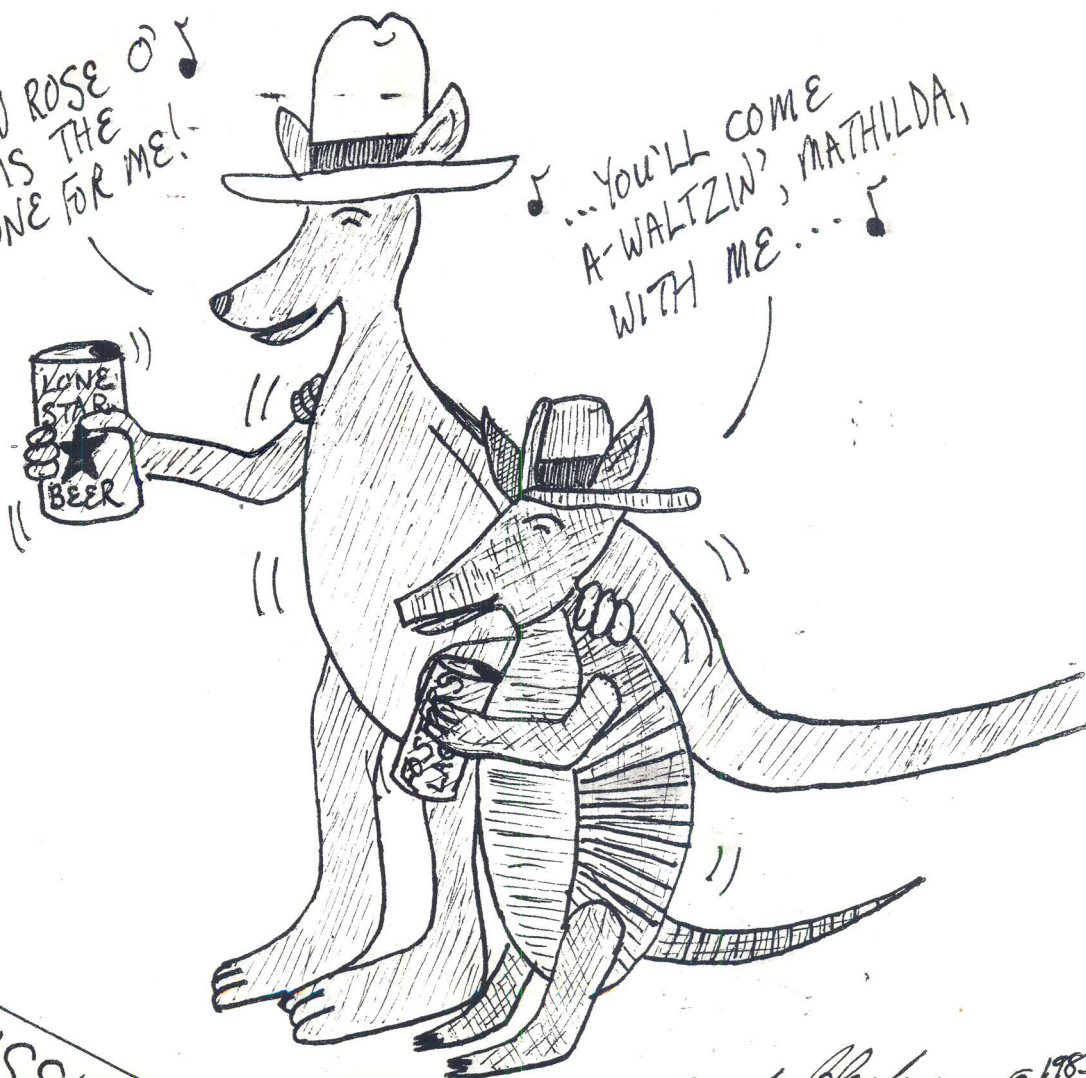


# APA-FIX

#27

AUGUST 1985

YELLOW ROSE O' ♪  
TEXAS IS THE  
ONLY ONE FOR ME! ♪



SPECIAL AUSSIECON\*

Mark Bachman © 1985





SINGSPRIB

27th Stanza  
APA-Filk #27 for

Mark L. Blackman  
1745 East 18th St. 4A  
Brooklyn, NY 11229

The only filksing I found  
at Disclave was the lively  
one Marc Glasser ran in  
Cyndi (the Rhymer) Warren's

room. We were not as fortunate during yesterday's July 4th NYU/SFS Staten  
Island Ferry ride when the Authorities equated Marc's guitar with a nearby  
BFR (Big Fuckin' Radio, or Ghetto Blaster) and shut us down (up?). Some of  
us tried to continue a capella but the mood had been dampened.

= & = = THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #26 and more = & = = =

COVER/Vinnie Bartilucci: Did filking kill the dinosaurs? There are  
several theories. Actually, it was not the singing per se but staying up  
all Cretaceous Period. Your cover shows two other possibilities. It was  
rather their attempts at breakdancing. Or it was suicide (once Norbert be-  
gan to play). // My fault for mentioning to Vinnie two days before collation  
that I'd seen our own Jordin Kare cited in Time in connection with the search  
for Nemesis, a hypothetical companion star to the Sun, which might have been  
responsible for the comet or asteroid which "nuclear-wintered" the dinosaurs.

BEYOND THE LAST VISIBLE DOG/VB: We know this unemployed con committee...\*  
// Two months later some Tully was still at the Boardmans'. // Looks like  
it's your Simon&Garfunkel issue. BUCKAROO BANZAI should take something  
bouncier...how about "MacNamara's Band" for the catalog of Johns? // Larry  
Hagman is reportedly not in the Jeannie reunion (Wayne Rogers will be Tony).

IN THE KEY OF OFF/Gail S Kaufman: For those who don't know, ASH = the  
Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes, a Sherlockian club; Nero Wolfe is allegedly  
Irene Adler's son by Sherlock (though he takes after Mycroft) - but just  
when did the two get together? Navel Treaty indeed. "Solitary Cyclist"  
sounds like masturbation (as opposed to "two-in-the-saddle").

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: You listen for the sound of filksinging. See  
John's zine re Lunacon. // Right, some book fandom (esp. author-worshipping)  
is also trash. // \*Sigh\* I identified with "Overaged Fan's Lament", but I'll  
forgive you for making me feel old.

Round up the usual suspects: Rick Weiss & ((Mistie Joyce))/TAKING NOTES:  
Usually GoHs are (infrequently seen) friends of the concom and want to spend  
as much time with each other as possible. It's still the same old story.

FILKERS DO IT TILL THE EOCENE/Harold Groot: Simply, the Founders said,  
Let's start a filk apa ~~in our barn~~, and recruited the first issue's Contri-  
butors. // Greenland was probably the first instance of euphemistic adver-  
tising. # If the US continues to fall behind (the USSR, Japan and ESA are  
each sending probes to Halley's Comet, NASA isn't), said one commentator,  
we could become the Portugal of the Space Age.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: And SDI is a pork barrel in the sky (talk about  
Pigs in Space). // Whence derives "hinky dinky"? # Mark Russell recently did  
"How Are Things in Nicaragua?" ("Glockamora"); in it he referred to Ortega's  
Fidel impressions. // The fact is, leaders die, new ones come in and there  
are still wars. // No pun on Bach beer. // I can't recall the tune for "Green  
Hills of Earth" from the radio show "X Minus 1"; besides the Coke song, it  
also scans to "Gilligan's Island". // I have the words to "Crash Space Jig";  
it's erroneously credited solely to Glasser. // Isn't the GOP God's Own Par-  
ty? # Those two subjects, Ethiopia and Goetz, were combined in a song done  
on Don Imus: "We are the armed, / We've learned our lesson. / We are the armed, /  
We've got Smith & Wesson." And the Inner Circle (City Hall reporters) did  
"Pistol Packin' Bernie" ("Pistol Packin' Mama"): "Ridin' spree on the IRT/  
And was I havin' fun / And then real quick / I am, on that schtick / So I pulled  
out my gun." The song ended with the firing of a fake pistol.

I dashed off the BACOVER when Vinnie hadn't arrived (with his cover) at  
collation by 10:30. Sweeney Todd had aired on PBS the night before.

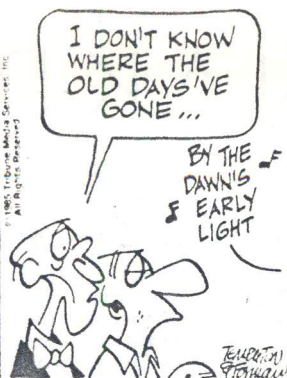
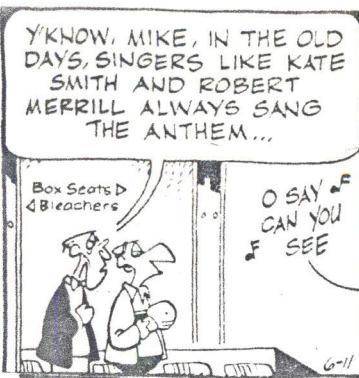
\*Empiricon 6 has been canceled. I'll be at the Austin NASFiC. *mb* 7/5/85











ANAKREON is a quarterly bulletin of filksongs, is published by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226. It circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association founded by Bob Lipton, and more or less edited by myself.

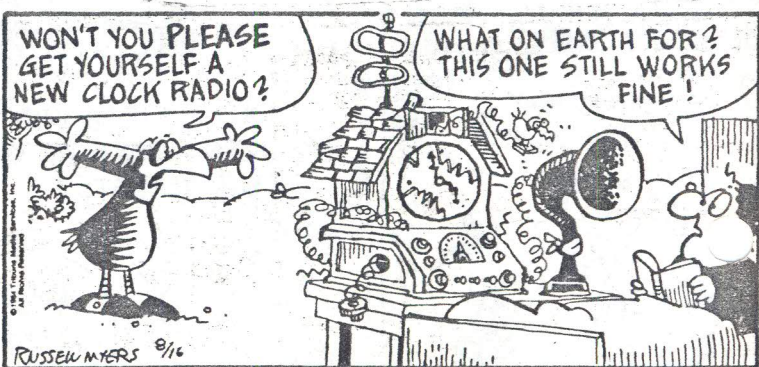
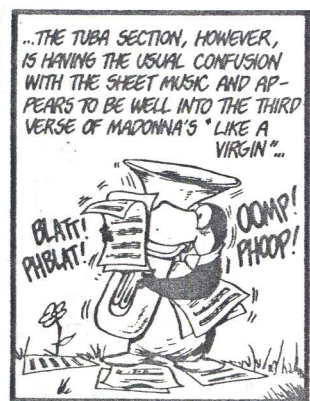


APA-Filk, a collection of similar 'zines, is collated, usually on the first Saturday of every 3rd month, at this address. For information about contributing and/or receiving APA-Filk, see "The Ministry of Finance" elsewhere in this issue. ANAKREON also circulates to other people interested in filk, folksinging.



The 28th Mailing of APA-Filk has a copy count of 50, and a deadline of 1 November 1985. The deadline for the 29th Mailing, APA-Filk's 7th anniversary, is 1 February 1986. ANAKREON #28, which will go into the 28th Mailing, will contain the annual collection of new verses for the Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion".

Previous collections of these verses appeared in the 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 16th, 20th & 24th issues. If you have verses that you'd like to get into ANAKREON #28, please send them by the middle of October.





## JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE

by Mary Lou Lacefield

(I first encountered these verses at a filk-singing session at this year's Lunacon. Mary Lou sang a few of them, and then threw it open to impromptu compositions. Since she had just set the tune up to repeat itself on a synthesizer, you just had to wait until it came around again, and then put in your own words. Since the song is of a very simple construction, and does not require rhyme, this is easily done - and if no one was stricken by inspiration, it is merely necessary to wait until the tune comes round again. Mary Lou sent me a tape from which I have transcribed most of the verses. A few were too faint to be heard clearly, so I've deferred them until we can work out the actual words. The initials of each verse's composer are given, with a key at the end of this section. Fred Kuhn very kindly worked out the song's chords, which appear below. - JB)

1 - 5 - 5 - 1 - 1 - 4 - 1 - 5 - 1

C - G - G - C - C - F - C - G - C

Just when you thought it was safe to get back in the water,  
 Just when you thought it was safe to get back in the water,  
 Just when you thought it was safe to get back in the water,  
 That was the time a bigger shark came swimming by. (MLL)

Just when you thought it was safe to get back in your Time Machine (3x)  
 That was when they came back with Daylight Savings Time. (BH & MLL)

Just when you thought it was safe to start playing Assassin (3x)  
 You found the light sabers they used were for real. (?)

Just when you thought it was safe to get back in your spaceship (3x)  
 That was when aliens were taking it apart. (MLL)

Just when you thought it was safe to get back into orbit (3x)  
 You found that your satellite had disappeared. (MLL)

Just when you thought it was safe to practice levitation (3x)  
 That was when they repealed the law of gravity. (BH)

Just when you thought it was safe to come out of the closet (3x)  
 All of your friends wouldn't admit that they knew you. (?)

Just when you thought it was safe to turn back on your TV (3x)  
 Glenn Larson developed another SF show. (JER)

Just when you thought it was safe to have faith in your robot (3x)  
 That's when Heinlein repealed Asimov's robot laws. (AB)

Just when you thought it was safe to get back into fandom (3x)  
 You wrote a LoC for a fanzine that promptly died. (?)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the con suite (3x)  
 You were locked out, the time was just 3:10 AM. (MLL)

(And it was supposed to have been open the whole 24 hours.) (OL)



Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the filksing (3x)  
That was when they started singing songs worse than this. (TLL)

Just when you thought it was safe to go sleep in your hotel room (3x)  
The maid came in and said she had to vacuum the rug. (OL & TLL)

Just when you thought it was safe to go sleep in your hotel room (3x)  
You found that they were having their dead dog party there. (?)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the art show (3x)  
While standing there you won a prize as the best earcoyle. (?)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the dealers' room (3x)  
That was when they just sold their last X-rated 'zine. (OL)

Just when you thought it was safe to visit the masquerade (3x)  
That's when the vice squad came in to close down the room. (OL)

Just when you thought it was safe on the Enterprise to fly (3x)  
That was when Khan got really mad and killed Mr. Spock. (OL)

Just when you thought it was safe on a unicorn to ride (3x)  
That was when he thought that you'd make nice shishkebab. (OL)

Just when you thought it was safe to start taking geometry (3x)  
Your school was only teaching Cal. Tech. Math 101. (FB)

Just when you thought it was safe to go open the bank vault (3x)  
That was the day that they reversed the flow of time. (TLL & BT)

Just when you thought it was safe to have an operation (3x)  
That was the time that Dr. McCoy said, "Oops!" (OT)

Just when you thought it was safe to go riding your dragon (3x)  
That was when he decided to vanish between. (?)

Just when you thought it was safe to practice alchemy (3x)  
That was when they discovered the alkahest. (VB?)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the Deathstar (3x)  
There came along this kid with 13 Luck Points. (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to purchase a Grenlin (3x)  
There was a thunderstorm and your roof was leaking too. (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to Darkover (3x)  
One of their Circles admitted Gloria Steinem. (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to blast off for Antares (3x)  
You found out nothing can travel faster than light. (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the con suite (3x)  
Brian Burley was organizing an orgy there. (JB)

Just when you thought you would probably like to return home (3x)  
The propability rose to 2 to the millionth and rising still. (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to compose a new filksong (3x)  
You found the filksinging director was a Vagon. (JB)



Just when you thought it was safe to get into a taxi (3x)  
You found the driver had learned to drive from Han Solo. (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the movies (3x)  
They opened Friday the Thirteenth, Part V. (VB?)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to Tatooine (3x)  
They voted in prohibition and closed all the bars. (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to build up your body (3x)  
Arnold Schwarzenegger made The Terminator again. (?)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the filksing (3x)  
Someone sang a song with the accents all wrong. (JB?)

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the filksing (3x)  
Someone started in with "The Orcs' Marching Song." (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to go down to the pros' bar (3x)  
Robert Adams finished the last drop in the place. (JB)

Just when you thought it was safe to finish a filksong (3x)  
Someone else came up with 12 more verses. (?)

As you can see from trying to fit these verses to music, not only is rhyme ignored, but meter is treated very cavalierly. Sometimes it seemed to me as if words were being deliberately mispronounced for comic effect; how often, after all, have you ever heard Asimov's name accented on the second syllable?

If anyone can furnish me with other verses, either from the original filksinging sessions at Lunacon or of their own composition, I will print them in ANAKREON #29 next February. (As you know, #28 is pre-empted by the annual collection of verses for "That Real Old-Time Religion.") Contributors are:

MLL - Mary Lou Lacefield  
BH - Bill Hubble  
JfB - Jeff Barnes  
AB - Ann Brodie

OL - Owen Laurian  
FR - Frank Ruinum  
MH - Milla Hennon  
JB - John Boardman  
VB - Winnie Bartilucci

Some verses were also contributed by Linda Demerov, but none of them came through clearly enough to be transcribed. As I have most of these names only on tape, I may not have spelled some of them correctly.

#### GRACELESS NOTES

The May visit of Pope John Paul II to the Netherlands was not accompanied by the enthusiasm that met him in other countries. In fact, many Dutch Catholics objected to the way in which he seems to be reversing the liberalizing tendencies of the Popes of the 1960s, and clamping the old, sterner discipline upon his followers. So, according to the New York Times of 21 May, a derisive song called "Popie Yopie" climbed high on the charts while he was in the country. A translation of one of the verses appears above. I tried to get in touch with someone at WRAL-FM who, Fred Kuhn assures me, can get hold of the whole song, but thus far I have been unable to make connections. The Times didn't know whether the Pope had heard the song, but thought that "it would pro-

My name is Popie Yopie  
I happily travel 'round  
And always when I arrive  
I spontaneously kiss the ground.

(continued on p. 10)



## YESTERFILK

## XI. We Hardly Ever Kipple

After a long period in disgrace as a poet of imperialism, Rudyard Kipling is now enjoying a new vogue. A well-received film version of The Man Who Would Be King appeared a few years ago, though the time is not yet ripe for the issuance of a version dubbed in Russian. Every well-publicized malfeasance of an Asian or African dictator brings forth people regretting that the colonial empires ever fell to put such people in power. Greg Costikyan's excellent new game Pax Britannica reproduces the colonial rivalry of the European powers, the United States of America, and Japan in the period from 1880 to the First World War. This game, which is published at \$24 by Victory Games, is fun to play, but in the rulebook Costikyan put in some wholly gratuitous praise for the "good old days" when the European empires ran the world. And in the course of this praise he quotes, with obvious approval, the entire texts of Kipling's "White Man's Burden" and "Recessional", plus excerpts from "Tommy" and other such sentiments.

Kipling gets into some rather odd places these days. On 4 June 1985, CBS-TV presented a two-hour movie, "The Marva Collins Story", in which Cicely Tyson played the Chicago teacher who turned a private "fall-back" school on Chicago's West Side into an educational beacon. (The film was originally made in 1981, and Collins' efforts have won praise from such diverse people as Ed Asner and Ronald Reagan.) One high point of the film was an episode in which the Black children at the school recited Kipling's "If", with each child taking a different line. I rather pity the child actors who played those roles, when they grow up to discover such other Kipling works as "The White Man's Burden" and "Fuzzy-Wuzzy". (This last poem described Africans who were so intractable as to object to European attempts to conquer them.)

And yet Rudyard Kipling was also a very competent wordsmith, and a man with a deep love for the folklore of his own nation. In fact, some of his poems have distinct elements in them of what we now call "filk". "Recessional", which many regard as his most famous poem, was written to celebrate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. That Jubilee was the height of full-throated, unashamed imperialist sentiment, which Kipling emphasized by addressing his god as "Lord of the far-flung battle line" - apparently the only terms in which he could conceive of divinity.

In the following year, U. S. imperialists conned the country into a brief and thunderous war with Spain, and America began to dream Kiplingesque dreams. (For the long-term effect of this short conflict, see Walter Karp's The Politics of War.) Yet there were a few Americans who did not want to see their nation set out on the path of imperialism, and one of them re-wrote Kipling's poem this way:

## ACCESSIONAL

Jehovah, Lord, beneath whose smile  
Our fathers fought in Freedom's name,  
And wrested from the British Isle  
Our country, loved, and known to fame;  
Oh, gracious Lord, withhold thy hand  
While we expand - while we expand.

The doctrine taught by James Monroe  
And maintained through a hundred years,  
Was but a bluff; it now must go,  
Since we've embraced both hemispheres.  
Oh, Lord, extend thy helping hand  
While we expand - while we expand.

We've waved on high the Stripes and Stars  
With Liberty the glad refrain;  
We've licked in three successive wars  
Old England, Mexico, and Spain.  
The chip is on our shoulder set,  
Don't you forget - don't you forget!

## Additional

So, \_\_\_\_\_, be advised -  
Don't knock this chip off, - understand?  
For if you do you'll be chastized,  
And we'll annex the \_\_\_\_\_.  
We mention this with some regret,  
Lest you forget - lest you forget.



There is a tune to which "Recessional" may be sung, and it will serve equally well for this parody. (You will find it in some Protestant hymnals.) I took this poem out of a collection of war folksongs over 30 years ago, and did not then record the source. The blanks in the "Additional" probably refer to a brief diplomatic dispute just after the Spanish-American War between the United States and Germany; apparently the Kaiser was trying to get involved in the future of the Philippines. The blanks are probably intended to be filled with the words "Kaiser Wilhelm" and "Fatherland".

#### GETTING CAUGHT UP

APA-Filk #28 Cover (Partilucci): Well, maybe filking did kill the dinosaurs. Despite all the speculation in Time magazine and other scientific journals, the "Nemesis" hypothesis has holes in it through which you could drive a brontosaurus.

Beyond the Last Visible Dog #6 (Partilucci): Congratulations to you and Dori, who are planning on committing matrimony soon.

In the Key of Off (Kaufman): Yes, I'm familiar with Doc Clarke's "Watson Was a Woman" hypothesis. Though this article has kicked up a great deal of argument in the more than forty years since it first appeared, I fear that Clarke got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Consider the following data from the Holmes canon:

1. Sherlock Holmes was the first consulting detective; he let the cases come to him. Remember that in the Victorian Age it was considered more appropriate for women to live less active lives.
2. Sherlock Holmes showed a remarkable ability to elicit confidences from his female clients.
3. "Sherlock" is a rare given name for men, but "Shirley" is quite commonly given to women.
4. John Watson was remarkably attractive to women, in "three separate continents" and presumably in the heart of the Empire as well.
5. The clincher: In "The Adventure of the Dancing Men", Holmes amazes Watson with one of the most amazing series of deductions in the canon. As part of it, Holmes concludes that Watson will not invest in South African securities because he has not asked Holmes for his "cheque-book", which Holmes keeps locked in a drawer of his own desk. One bachelor would not safeguard another's checkbook in this manner, but it is precisely the way in which a careful wife would keep in check a husband with tendencies towards being a spendthrift.

I would therefore conclude that Holmes was a woman, and that indications to the contrary (such as Watson's marriages) are part of a smokescreen. A woman with Holmes's education, abilities, and profession would be rare, and not altogether approved of, today; it can therefore be imagined how much more difficult things would have been for her a century ago. And, of course, it would be imagined that such a woman would be an altogether sexless creature.

Jersey Flats #3 (Rogow): I know how you feel - in some issues of APA-Filk I know fewer than half the tunes to which the filksongs are to be sung.

Ladyhawke got bad reviews in the newspapers, but was enjoyed by fans I know who actually saw it. But before I made up my mind to see it, it was gone. Maybe it'll be on tape soon; this seems to happen to a lot of films that don't make it critically.

If it had made money, I suppose they would have followed it up with a film about Melusine of Lusignan, whose legs turned into snakes on weekends. I wonder if the ability persisted in her descendants, among whom are the British Royal Family...

Taking Notes #1 (Weiss & Joyce): Welcome! It's good to see more west coast filkers in APA-Filk. Tell others that they're welcome too!

I've seen filksings from which people gradually drift, if for one reason or another they are unhappy with the arrangements, out into the hall or to another room and start up a session of their own.

This is  
O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflame  
O Optic  
N Nerves



This can be a little difficult for people who like to tape them. While the Bardic Circle does cut down on the time that the really good players and ingenious composers get to play, it also cuts down on people like the Bag Lady. This woman, so called because she's shaped like a bag, has shown up at several east coast filksings with poor songs and a worse voice, and made a complete nuisance of herself.

The good, but overly long, song is also a bit of a problem. These days, nobody comes out with "The Orcs' Marching Song" unless the audience is assured that verse control has been practiced. But you have no warnings on the new ones. One of these days, someone is going to come to a Bardic Circle with his or her brand-new filksong version of Dune, covering all four books of the tetralogy - or is that "teratology"? By about the beginning of the second hour, new rules for Bardic Circles will quickly be formulated.

Thanks for the "Zandru" verse in "That Real Old-Time Religion" - watch for the next Mailing.

Filkers Do It 'Till Dawn V. 7, #2 (Groot): The "Age of Exploration" filk is good. If songs did celebrate the deeds of the explorers of that era, none seem to have come down to us. (And I'm not counting: "He knew the world was round-o, he knew it could be found-o...")

The man who brought the pregnant rabbit to Porto Santo was Captain Bartolomeo Perestrella. The story was told by his widow to her son-in-law, Christopher Columbus.

ANAKREON #26 (me): The Iowa is now successfully "home-ported" in New York Harbor, a new verb has been added to the English language, and while everyone seems to like the jobs it assures, no one seems able to tell us how many there'll be, and the Navy won't tell anyone how the estimate was made in the first place. Meanwhile, in nuclear-free New Zealand, Greenpeace's ship was blown up by people who objected to the Greenpeace campaign against testing nuclear weapons in the Pacific, and the President of Belau was assassinated because he tried to overrule a clause in the Belau Constitution which forbade nuclear weapons in the country. It's going to get rather rough out in the Pacific on this issue in the next few years.

Isoscan #1 (Marcus): A good idea! However, if you point out that some songs can be sung to other tunes, it is sometimes necessary to say which tune. At least three different tunes seem to be Out There for "The Good Ship Venus", for example.

Since you wrote "Take the Bonnie Ship the A-Train", the big scandal about the new subway tunnel under the East River has broken. Unless they fit the passengers with aqualungs, and butter the trains to get them under the too-low beams, that expensive tunnel is apparently never going to be used. It's worth at least 3 more verses to your song.

There were once some filksongs sung, in English and French, at a relativity conference I attended in France. I'll try to dig them out from among my papers and print them in a future issue of ANAKREON.

Momus' Phiz (Baker): "I Must Have Done Wrong in My Previous Life" is by a long shot your most popular song. I'm sorry that the demise of Empiricon prevented the debut of A Parcel of Rogues, and hope to hear you sometime soon. "Admiral Kirk of the Enterprise" sounds like it should go over well, too.

Sopfnen #5 (Willett): One of the reasons I like the Bardic Circle, the "play, point, or pass" arrangement, is that it worked very well at the last Lunacon but one. It served us during an all-night session with about 25 or 30 people in the circle. Along towards morning, Robert Asprin came in in a high state of intoxication (which does not affect his singing in the least) and began to complain about the "No Smoking" regulation and about being forced to wait while the play went around the circle before he could fully unload the products of his genius upon us. Since everyone was pretty tired by then, and he is better than most filksong composers, it then more or less turned into a Bob Asprin concert. At that state of the night no one had many objections, but if he'd tried it around midnight it might have been a different story.

Singspiel #26 (Blackman): Yes, Anthony does indeed love music of all kinds. He loves to be sung at, he has a musical teddy bear that's one of his favorite toys, and no matter how fratchetty he is, he can always be brought to a good humor if you whistle



tunes to him. This creates a bit of a cultural problem, since neither his mother nor his grandmothers can whistle! For some reason, the ability to whistle is much more common in men than in women. I refuse to believe that there is anything but a cultural reason for this. At an early age, apparently, most women are discouraged from their first attempts to whistle. When I was a boy in the midwest, the following couplet was current:

"Whistling girls and crowing hens  
Always come to no good ends."

Those women who do whistle always have other "masculine" attitudes attributed to them. (I wonder whether Amy Lowell could whistle?)

The tune most familiar as "Deutschland Über Alles" was written by Franz Josef Haydn, to other words. ("Gott Erhältet Franz den Kaiser, Kaiser Über Diesem Reich") It started out as an expression of Austro-German nationalism, defending the Holy Roman Emperor Franz II against his revolutionary enemies the French of Napoleon I. (This was the last Holy Roman Emperor and first Emperor of Austria, and great-great-great-grandfather of the present pretender and part-time National Review columnist.) Then, later in the 19th century, it was taken up with its present words by the German nationalists who wanted to eject the Austrian Kaiser from German affairs and unite Germany without him. The same music is used for the alma mater hymns of Columbia University and the University of Pittsburgh, and appears with yet other words in some Protestant hymnals.

As I've already said in APA-Q, I'm not sure sure that yesterday's hippies are today's yuppies. If anything, yuppies are the younger siblings or in some cases even the children of hippies. If we identify the hippies with the "baby-boomers", the median age of the baby-boom generation was 8 when Martin Luther King began the bus sit-ins, 16 when President Johnson declared war on Vietnam, and 22 when the Kent State massacre took place. They'd be 37 today. Yuppies, on the other hand, seem to be well younger than this, early thirties at most. (If you live in New York City, you can see enormous hordes of yuppies late every Friday afternoon hanging around the South Street Seaport Museum area. This should give you an idea of their age range. Two places where you will never find yuppies - and such refuges may be badly needed - are the readers' lounge of Recording for the Blind, and blood donor clinics.)

The yuppies' chief memories of that time is hippies being kicked around, jailed, or shot, and ultimately failing. Understandably not wanting this for themselves, they settled on an entirely different agenda: careers, an opulent life style, extreme concern with personal appearance, and no commitment whatever to causes or to other people. They will applaud rambos, and pay for their upkeep, but they won't be rambos. Eventually they will elevate to the White House one of their own, a man who will make Ronald Reagan look like Woody Allen by comparison. The first yuppie President will be someone like Newt Gingrich or Jack Kemp, and he'll make Jerry Pournelle his Secretary of Defense. Next, the Marines will go into some jungle or desert mess, the campuses will erupt, and the yuppies of today will look out of the windows of their dermatology clinics or corporate law offices and wonder what's got into kids these days.

I can be so positive about this because college students and young adults during the 1950s were precisely what the yuppies are today. To be sure, there were many fewer women among them, and they played tennis and golf rather than jogged, but the general situation was much the same. And to the self-satisfied fifties succeeded the fierce and fulsome sixties.

"An American Filker in London": Clever, but who wrote it?

It would be sufficiently weird if a filker turned into a human being...

Back Cover (Blackman): Unfortunately, the lettering on the sign didn't reproduce too well, a chronic problem with stylus drawing on a mimeo stencil. It reads: "All Meat Pies: Special on Filkers - Stale & Overdone - S. Todd..."



## THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, REVISITED

Four years ago, ANAKPEON #11 contained a song which grew out of a discussion of Robert A. Heinlein's The Number of the Beast which took place at an APA-WVU collation at that year's Empiricon. Greg Baker, Mark Blackman, and myself, assembled one verse to the tune of "Blowing in the Wind". We intended at the time to follow it up with more, but never did. However, in far-off Louisville, Mary Lou Lacefield got wind of it, and came up with her version, which she sent me on the same tape that contained the verses on pp. 3-5 of this issue. The original creation, and her song, appear below:

How many time tracks can we travel down  
Before all the readers get tired?  
How many paths can Gay navigate  
Before she gets hopelessly mired?  
How much of Heinlein will they make us  
read  
Before a new writer is hired?  
The answer's at least the Number of the  
Beast,  
The answer's the Number of the Beast.

How many songzines can you circulate  
In less than the space of a year?  
How many unpaid printers can you hire  
Without them thinking it queer?  
How many tapezines can you duplicate  
Each sounding both loud and clear?  
The answer cannot be at least the Number  
of the Beast.  
You see, that one's been used in a filk-  
song before. So there!

## GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 5)

bably do little to enhance his already dim view of rock music, which he seemed to be attacking on Saturday when he warned youth against "thought-destroying noise."

\*

It's summer time, and that brings to mind summer camp songs. Thirty years ago, I heard a fragment of such a filksong from a New Yorker who had heard it as a child in summer camp, sometime in the 1940s. I've asked around about it, but no one seems to recognize it. The lines which he could recall were to mock-Indian music - the sort of thing that appears in the background music of a western film when the presence of hostile Indians is suggested:

By the shores of Lake Talluchas  
Stood the Great Chief Potsch-in-Tuchas  
Aye, aye, diddy-diddy-bum-bum...

Has anyone ever heard of this one?

("Potsch-in-Tuchas" is Yiddish for "kick in the ass".)

\*

The New York Times of 23 October 1984 contained a very indignant letter from Peter Yarrow, of Peter, Paul, and Mary, about their well-known song "Puff, the Magic Dragon". "Let's get it straight once and for all," he tells an unbelieving world, "'Puff, the Magic Dragon' is not about drugs" but about "the sadness of lost childhood innocence." He blames claims to the contrary on a Newsweek article of about 20 years ago, which claimed that words like "puff", "drag on", and "Jackie Paper" referred to the well-known Evil Weed.

But the words have an even newer meaning now, and Yarrow concluded that "It is painful for me to see the song linked to drugs, but double so to see 'Puff' used to nickname the vicious Gatling gun airplane that, courtesy of the U. S., may soon bring more death to El Salvador."

\*

Two years ago Secretary of the Interior James Watt banned the Beach Boys from appearing in a musical festival by the Washington Monument for Independence Day. Newsday reported on 21 May 1985 that this "damaged his career at least as much as it helped the group's." The Beach Boys did concerts for Independence Day in 1984 and 1985. But does anybody know what James Watt is doing these days?

\*



A sort of triple folksong backflip appeared at Lunacon this year. It all began many decades ago in Australia, when the manufacturers of Billy Tea turned loose on the world a singing commercial called "Waltzing Matilda". The song told of a vagabond who sang "Waltzing Matilda" as he sat by his campfire waiting for his can of Billy to boil. "Waltzing Matilda" was and is an Australian colloquialism meaning "to go off", usually indefinitely and illegally. (The composer, who is probably anonymous, may have had in mind the old British folksong "The Keeper Would A-Hunting Go".) The tramp shoves a lamb into his knapsack, thus attracting the attention of the landowner, who comes riding up with three troopers. Rather than be caught sheepstealing, the tramp jumped into a waterhole, which his ghost still haunts.

That wouldn't make much of a singing commercial these days, but the art form was in its infancy then. And, since Australians who weren't landowners have always looked rather leniently on the careers of their country's outlaws, the song has been popular ever since.

The next step was taken by Lee Gold, who wrote a Dungeons & Dragons folksong entitled "You Bash the Balrog" ("...and I'll climb a tree") to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda". (The song first appeared in Alarums & Excursions, a D&D apa edited by Lee, and has been reprinted in many places. I am using the text from The A&E Filksinger, printed in 1979 by Lee.

Then along came "And the Band Played 'Waltzing Matilda'", a mournful anti-war song from Australia. (I don't at the moment recall who wrote it, but Greg Baker has sung it frequently and will be able to tell us.) In this song, the narrator tells how he enlisted in the Australian Army in World War I out of patriotic enthusiasm, and lost his legs at Gallipoli, which probably held the record for military bungling even by the standards of that war. (It's in western history books as "Gallipoli", but since the Turks won, I'd say they get to spell it as they please.)

These two approaches were combined in two further D&D folksongs. One, to the original tune of "Waltzing Matilda", related the exploits of a balrog named "Yubash". ("Yubash the Balrog", get it?) But, to the tune of "And the Band Played 'Waltzing Matilda'", there is another called "And the Fans Sang 'You Bash the Balrog'".

Oh - balrogs? This is a monster out of J. R. R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, a major inspiration of Dungeons & Dragons. One balrog appears in the trilogy, a fearsome monster and a sort of fire demon. I suspect that Tolkien, a linguist of great erudition may have compounded the name from the Hebrew ba'al ragzah, "master of wrath".

\*

Jon St. John, a disk jockey at WKPE-FM, Orleans, Massachusetts, has written a folksong poking fun at "the summer people" who are now swarming over Cape Cod. According to the New York Times of 7 July 1985, it is "a rhythmic beat in the form of 'rap' songs recently in vogue. One verse goes:

Can you give us some directions to the Kennedy Estate?  
We've been driving now for hours. Is this Route 28?  
It's the tourist rap, the tourist rap,  
On the side of the road trying to read the map.

\*

Last December, a vigilante named Bernhard Götz, who was once thrown off the board of his co-op apartment building for racism, gunned down four black panhandlers on a subway train. He was enthusiastically hailed by fellow-racists, abetted by the fact that the four young men did indeed have criminal records. Recently, it was revealed that in April a Götz supporter threatened to throw plutonium into the New York City reservoirs unless all charges against his hero were dropped. (A minimal increase last month in the plutonium level forced revelation of this threat. The increase turned out to be two fifths of 1% of the safe level, and the whole story tells more about Götz's supporters than it does about the alleged dangers of the increased plutonium level.)

There are, according to Newsday of 24 June 1985, three different musical versions of Götz's assault. (That is, professionally published songs, aside from the things that have been appearing in APA-Filk.) Otto von Wernherr, whose song was cited in the last ANAKREON, claims "The song is no way pro-Goetz or anti-Goetz, it's more like a



chronicle...There are laws against eliminating due process...Accept the consequences, just like those teenagers decided to ask for a donation and that guy pulls out a gun. It's a tough issue, maybe a cultural misunderstanding."

In other words, von Wernherr has written a song that fits into a venerable folk-music tradition: the "police-blotter" song. Such things were hawked in the streets of London after every major execution, a couple of hundred years ago.

### THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

As of 30 July 1985, postage and printing accounts for APA-Filk stand as follows:

Charlie Belov	\$1.02	Mark Richards	99¢
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Roberta Rogow	\$1.26
Sean Cleary	\$8.87	Michael Rubin	\$1.25
Paul Doerr	\$10.00	Kathy Sands	\$15.15
Jordin Kare	22¢	Pete Seeger	\$10.82
Cheryl Lloyd	\$2.08	Glenn Simser	\$4.01
J. Spencer Love	\$4.99	Beverly Slayton	\$13.56
Matthew Marcus	\$20.00	Peter Thiesen	\$16.39
Randall McDougall	\$3.39	Rick Weiss	\$8.19
		Paul Willett	\$10.64

Including costs for this present mailing, your balance is now \_\_\_\_\_. I can print any 'zines you send me at 1½¢ per copy per sheet, provided that the stencils can fit on a Gestetner and the size is 21½ x 28 cm. (That's 8½ x 11 in the old "inch" measurement.) Postage costs are assessed to anyone who asks me to mail their copy of APA-Filk, plus 12¢ for the envelope. Accounts that fall into arrears will be suspended. Bob Lipton and Dana Hudes get their copies of APA-Filk on their APA-Q accounts. The following accounts are suspended:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Dana Mussaf	-87¢
Harold Groot	-\$2.61	Elliot Shorter	-\$2.00
Dave Klapholz	-62¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Margaret Middleton	-22¢		

The last address I have for J. Spencer Love is 592 Putnam Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02139, but his copy of the 26th Mailing came back in the mail, and I have no idea where he is now. Anyone who could provide me with his present address is invited to write.

APA-Filk is collated here, nominally on the first days of February, May, August, and November. In actuality the apa is usually assembled at about 8 or 9 PM on the first Saturday following the first days of those months. If you plan to bring your contribution to the collation, and it looks as if you might be a little late, then give me a call. (718-693-1579) The copy count is 50, but at this collation I plan to put forward a proposition for increasing it to 60, as we have been getting a lot of new members lately.

There has been, as a result of this membership increase, a heavy demand on back mailings of APA-Filk. These are available for postage & packing. Available back mailings are 8, 11, and 14 through 26.

In addition to the 50 copies that go through APA-Filk, ANAKREON is also sent to non-members who have expressed an interest in it, or whom I thought might be interested. These copies are mostly going out on 3 August 1985, along with others of my publications, in 3rd-class mail bundles.

"Accessional", which appears in the Yesterfilk column on p. 6, is also being re-printed in my new war-gaming 'zine THE VALOR OF IGNORANCE. This is a 'zine for the postal play of Greg Costikyan's Pax Britannica, a war-game published by Victory Games and set in the era 1880-1914.



JERSEY FLATS #4, July 1985

Roberta Rogow, P.O.Box 124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410

\*\*\*\*\*

As Lore ~~Lee~~ Lee says, Life just keeps happening. When last I wrote I thought that everything would be cut-and-dried....I would go to various Cons, my children would attend certain schools....Now Louise has managed to get herself into a super-school for the Intelligent But Bored (with the help of several grants and scholarships, so we can actually afford to send her there!). And EmpiriCon was cancelled...and my car is still on the fritz, so that curtails my mobility considerably.

However, the vocal chords are still working, and so is the Subconscious...

#### ANSWERS TO OTHER PEOPLE:

To Vinnie Bartilucci: Yes, I finally got to see "Buckaroo Bonzai"... also, the guy who is doing publicity on "Cocoon" was around at various Cons (like MediaWest), and I sang your song to him...His comment: "If it was that good, why did it lose \$20 million?" Trouble is, Cult Films make back their money over a period of years, not all at once.

To Rick Weiss: Yes, I've noticed the dilemma... if you've got a lot of Big Name Filkers, you can wait till eternity passes away to get YOUR gem into the act, whereas if you only have one or two people, they might not be very good...My main problem is that I seem to be two songs behind when my turn comes...I'm topping, not the previous song, but the one two songs before. And thanx for the comment on 'The Chandler's Tales'...that's one that I've never quite gotten around to singing, so I'm glad someone does!

To John Boardman: Re "Mademoiselle from Armentieres"...I offer the following, which got written one day at the end of a Townley Con by me, Greg Baker and Leah Rosenthal:

#### GIRLWATCHER'S GUIDE TO STAR WARS

To the tune of "Mademoiselle from Armentieres"

Mademoiselle from Alderaan, (Parley-voo)  
Mademoiselle from Alderaan, (Parley-voo)  
Mademoiselle from Alderaan,  
Where the hell's your planet gone?  
May the Force Remain with you!

Mademoiselle from Dagobah...  
In the swamp your tootsies are!

Mademoiselle from Tatooine...  
She's got sand in her machine.

Mademoiselle who comes from Hoth...  
So cold she'll freeze your fingers off.

Mademoiselle from Bespin's gas...  
Makes her living ..(spoken)The best way she can!  
May the Force remain with you!

And if you can get it, and they re-run it on one of the PBS or Cable stations, take a look at the "Washington on the Griddle" program, which is a reconstruction of the Gridiron Club's annual bash...member of the press corps (assisted by a few professional singers who can actually SING) lampoon the various Washington muckymucks in the audience. One of the highlights for me was watching Bill Moyers squirm while someone played HIM dressed as a down-home Texas preacher, spouting the Gospel According to Lyndon... Also, "Gerry From Queens" (to the tune of "La Donna e Mobile") and a few stabs at those old reliable targets like the Pentagon and Jerry Falwell...



To Matthew Marcus: "Few Days..." seems to work well for a lot of things. There is a 'leaving-the-filk' song called "Few Hours..."... I got this APA-Filk right after attending a conference on Childrens' and Young Adults Librarianship, and most of your comments are so awfully a-propos! I guess heavy-handed conferences are all alike. Actually, I ran into a fannish friend at this one and we spent the better part of the Banquet lining out a story, much to the puzzlement of another attendee, who asked WHAT we were doing? I explained that we were part of a 'writers constortium', which sounds much grander than saying 'we're Trekkies'.

A SCREAM OF ANGUISH: Everyone gives glowing reviews of Filking Cons...only, there ain't no such animal where I can get to it! NO WAY can I take either the time or the bucks to get out to Bay-Con, and the Eastern Filkers' cons are one-day affairs in Virginia...Anyone game enough to work out something in the New York/New Jersey area? There ARE hotels...not just the Sheraton in Hasbrouk Heights, where LunaCon used to be, but at least one Marriott and a couple of HoJo's...

The main problem is, of course, "seed money", and getting people to come....and I wouldn't chair this one, but I'd work with whoever did.

CONVENTION NEWS: Aside from Creation Cons, the only one I've attended was MediaWestCon. This is an annual gathering of Media Fans from all over the country...noted for lush art, mostly depicting males in states of undress...and panels on fanzines...and plays with music (filks, sort of)...There were two filksings, both run by me, because the better-known media filkers weren't around or were otherwise occupied. I did get to inflict my "Miami Vice" filk on the group, and I worked out another version of "Ladyhawke", which will be the 'definitive' one...and various people besides me sang Trek, SWars, etc. till the cows came home...displacing the Remington Steele Campaign Party in one case, and appropriating a small room in another. I also ran the first 'official' panel of the Con, which was a 'Filking for Beginners' panel...seems that no one else had come in, so I was elected!

My car's ailments may be terminal, so whether I get to Shore Leave and August Party depends on Other People's Vehicles...I feel as if the last ten years of self-mobility were for nothing!

Maybe there will be more cheerful news next time....

Keep on Trekkin' ----

Roberta





I went to the Westercon. I had planned to see it open but, with the usual exact scheduling, precise staffing and exact timing to be expected of secret government facilities, the man who was to relieve me disappeared for two weeks and not even the man in charge could find him, so I was delayed. He came wandering in a few days later saying he had been feeling depressed, but this was a little late for me. I got someone else to do the deed for me, fortunately.

I finally made it, gofered some, attended some events and wandered around, looking, until time for filkers to start appearing. Sometime the next morning, I would get a couple hours of sleep and then start it all over again. Fun! Wednesday to Sunday nite, and I don't regret it a bit.

The filkroom closed sometime after 4AM so the hotel crew could clean it up and after we wandered the corridors a while I looked out the lobby doors and, lo! it was dawn. So, no filkers, too early for anything to be happening, so I got about 3 hours sleep.

And so it went.

Early filking started in the lobby and then went to the filkroom. Another nite, filking started around the....whatever it's called....a circular space with a hole in the center with a plastic thing rising up thru it and 3 wings opening off it. The first night's filking was in the filkroom but it was much too small and hot (no air conditioning) for the size of the crew that gathered so the next nite it was on a cement/cobblestone patio. Cooler, nice, landscaped, quiet...except....we got the idea the hotel staff might have heard Banned From Aragon, The Hilton Doesn't Want Us Back Alive and Three Fans At The Hyatt and decided to do something about it. A background accompaniment of sprinklers didn't help the music and the big drops plashing into the bordering stream and the thought that if they didn't turn the things off soon, we might get cooler yet. We were to be on the lawn but it was not quite as soft as warm butter, until after the next round of watering.

The Lion has fine glasses, but a bit noisy, particularly as they bound alone on the cobbles. They make a lovely sound as they shatter too and the sound continues as the smaller pieces bounce over the rough surface.

Someone commented that Banned From Argo has overstayed its welcome. I disagree. I like it and enjoy singing it as well as hearing it. Its almost a national anthem.

I need help. What dubbers are GOOD and give the best sounds? Preferably one that will work on 12vdc, since my home in the mountains has no piped-in electricity, nor water, nor gas, nor telephone, sewer, curbs nor hard-top roads. I do have a solarcell 12vdc panel but mainly it is woodheat, oil lamp, bucket water, peace and quiet. I am well out into the kind of country where trouble avoids the natives.

A motor-cycle gang rode into the little town in the valley one day, planning to do to it what a gang did to another little town out on the coast. They stopped and looked at the townspeople. The townspeople came out onto the sidewalk and looked at the bikers. After a while, the bikers left, and we haven't seen any since.

My next-door neighbor, about a half-mile away, saw a head of fuzzy hair sticking out of a sleeping bag in an old car. He knew neither hair, bag nor car so he, casual-like reached out, grabbed the hair and twitched it out of the bag. Since the hand had a knife, he flung it all across the road. It bounced up, took a couple slashes and he picked up a downed sapling and broke this over its head three times, which ended the problem, for then.

While I was building my home, in a blizzard, a buffalo went by, leaving dinner-plate size holes about a foot deep, which filled with cold water (I was building during a blizzard as I said and it was melting badly) so, as I carried wood, I could step into them.

So, you might say my home is not in a well-built-up area. So, I would prefer that everything possible use 12vdc so I needn't convert 12vdc into ac. It loses a lot of juice in the process and the square-wave made is not the best.

I would also like any advice anyone will give me about the best portable 12vdc cassette recorders. I have wandered around the stores looking for something



better than my Sony CassetteCorder. The recording seems to be fairly good but the speaker is too small to give any quality sound. I found lots of \$49.95 and \$79.95 types, and even a \$124.95, and one store had a flyer on a \$399.95 Sony TCM-5000-EV but no one will ever mistake me for an electronics expert so I need help.

I have a list of stuff to trade if anyone is into that.

If anyone wants a copy of a filkzine I produce, just write.

What is APA-Q? Filk?

Could I get back issues of APA-Filk? I can swap money or something of more value. I have #26.

I have been hunting "marching songs" from the military. I remember a few and they were pretty good. We immortalized various leaders in verse. Can I get back issues of Yesterfilk?

If anyone is interested, I could tell of one of the members of the law who made a visit into our vally for the rodeo (we have one each year, or more than one, depending on who has recovered). The law rarely visits our valley in an official capacity but they often come in for the rodeo or the festivals. The valley has its own kind of filk.

Thank you for sending me this issue of APA-Filk. I like it. I hope to be a member, so I am sending this and some money.

This is an advertisement.....I am editor of a sciencefiction prozine. I always need amateur/fan fiction/art/articles on sciencefiction, fantasy, space. We pay for what we use, per a standard contract. Any contributions are welcome. Everything is answered and not with a printed notice.

I produce a filkzine. Free for a contribution or a good letter. Also, a filk contest will be announced in the next issue probably, with cash prizes (1st, 2nd, 3rd). I intend to put out some filk cassettes so anyone interested could send me a cassette of their singing and I might put some of it onto a cassette with others. Royalties would be paid, tho I don't know how much or when, and I don't know how soon the cassettes would be produced either. However, that is what is planned.

America's Farty?

You mentioned Marines killed in Lebanon. Who was the damn fool who kept them from taking the high ground? What happened could have been expected, given the conditions.

I have music/filk columns in the prozine. Would anyone want to write a column for it? I will select the best songs, etc frommy filkaine to go into the prozine, with pay, natch.

I would like to get tapes of the songs/tunes being used for filk, like Gilligan's Island, etc. If I can get enough, I'll send a tape of them all to anyone who contributes to the tape.

SOPFNEN...I have PF 19, 21, 23,24,29. Do you have a price for the rest in a clump?

A friend in San Jose asked me to look for anyone to share costs at Norwescon in (?) March....female types.



# NUKE THE KAZOO #2

August 1985 for APA-FILK #27

© Michael Rubin, 19 Broadway Terrace, NYC 10040.

(This issue printed in Boardman Gestetner due to logistics problems; the Macintosh will be back nextish)

HI THERE, BET YOU THOUGHT I HAD DISAPPEARED FOR GOOD DEPARTMENT:

Nope, just procrastinating. And short of material. But I had to pub another issue sometime ~~or they might think I was bored and left the job~~. Meanwhile, back in the real world, I'm working for AT&T Information Systems in beautiful Freehold, NJ (a mere twenty miles from Grover's Mill) in a "temporary" building that used to be a K-Mart. It's not the principle of the thing, it's the money.

Music programs are starting to come out for the Macintosh. Unfortunately the only one I've looked at so far ("Concertware Plus") has no provision for typing in lyrics under the music. In the meantime, of course, the just announced Commodore Amiga has sound capabilities that are supposed to blow the Mac out of the water, plus a built-in MIDI synthesizer/keyboard interface, not to mention superfast color graphics and up to 6 times the memory, so my computer is now obsolete....

HIGHLY OPINIONATED REPLIES DEPARTMENT:

CON-CHORD REPORTS/Everybody: Envy, envy. Well, there's always Bayfilk....

VISIBLE DOG/Bartilucci: You're right, the East Coast needs a filk-con. Come to think of it, New York needs any kind of con. I'd offer help, but my management skills are about -3 on a scale of 1 to 10; things I try to organize tend to dissolve into primeval slime.

KEY OF OFF/Kaufman: Out-wierding the subway wierdos is a fairly common NY fannish pastime. This is the first report I've heard of filkers overcoming someone armed with a ghetto blaster, though.

JERSEY FLATS/Rogow: TJ Burnside and choir showed up at Lunacon too; I found them in the hallway outside the official filk room around 3 Sunday morning, at which time I was too zonked to figure out who the other two were. I remember only a beautiful three-part-harmony "God Lives on Terra." Hmm, any ideas for a GoH, Vinnie?

"Finding the Filksing" is getting to be a time-consuming hobby at cons. An official filk room, especially when equipped with piano, seems to attract one or two Filthy Pierre types and a bunch of neos, and actively repel "serious filkers" who go off to someone's room or gather in the hallway. Even when there are separate "Eastern" and "Bardic" rooms, people wind up someplace else. Perhaps (1) they are groups of friends who mostly want to converse and only spend part of the time singing/listening, (2) they don't like the style of songs that are going around; (3) somebody they dislike is present; or (4) they have Smof's Disease. At any rate, with this fragmentation smaller cons have trouble holding a critical mass of filkers together in any one place long enough for a good sing.

Filking started out as a spontaneous activity, and it doesn't seem to like having an official room and time. Maybe if the official time wasn't opposite all the parties Saturday night?

ANIAKREON/Boardman: Well, now we don't even need the Iowa to get plutonium in New York's waters.

ØKaufman: Another version of infinity runs like this --  
Ninety-nine tribbles in Cargo Hold Four, ninety-nine tribbles are here

If one of those tribbles should happen to fall, 106 tribbles in Cargo Hold 4  
(one doesn't need to be forcibly suppressed to stop singing that!)



## NUKE THE KAZOO / 2

ISOSCAN/Marcus: What computer did you print that zine on? It's obviously troff output, which means your machine runs Unix\*, which means you probably have an address on Usenet. There has been lots of discussion in net.sf-lovers recently about SF stories involving music, and vice versa, and filk has occasionally been mentioned. Are there enough filkers on Usenet/Arpanet/etc. for a regular mailing list? Does Jordin Kare still have a net address? (I'm

ihnp4, most other AT&T sites !mtuxn!newtech!rubin on Usenet,  
rubin%newtech@topaz on Arpanet.)

(\*IM some division of AT&T though I'm not sure which one this week; I only work there.)

(If you didn't understand the above: You must be a normal human who doesn't spend 12 hours a day in front of a CRT! Agghhhh! Get away! Seriously, Usenet and Arpanet are nationwide computer networks that exchange electronic mail with each other and which between them connect to most major universities and high-tech companies; and net.sf-lovers is Usenet's electronic fanzine.)

MOMUS' PHIZ/Baker: oh dear, so much for the band's debut. Given the lack of Empiricons to perform at (and Bermuda Triangles to open for - just what is happening with them?), when are you going to show up where?

### POINTLESS ~~TIMELESS~~ MUSICAL FRAGMENTS DEPARTMENT:

Verse composed while listening to a certain Clam Chowder album and hearing a certain traditional hymn:

There's an earthquake in Long Island, like the Lord's last trumpet call.

Newsday screams in six-inch headlines: "Crevice Swallows the Smithtown Mall."

Fire Island's ten fathoms under; ocean covers the whole South Shore;

Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen: Babylon is fallen to rise no more.



NUKE THE KAZOO / 3

POLITICAL FILK TO SATISFY JOHN BOARDMAN DEPARTMENT:

(Actually it was Spencer Love that made me finish this for last Boskone, so blame him. Anybody but me. Please. Otherwise I'll have to buy a bulletproof vest before the next time I meet Leslie Fish....)

Witnesses' Waltz is a very nice song about all the people who still go to watch the spaceships take off at Canaveral, even though NASA's become a four-letter word (so to speak) among all the welfare liberals and the budget-cutting conservatives. Well, spaceships do have one other constituency left, besides us sci-fi-reading L-5 wierdos, and that's the contractors who build 'em. So, on that lame excuse:

CONTRACTORS' WALTZ

Lyrics: ©1985 by Michael Rubin. Tune: "Witnesses' Waltz" by Leslie Fish.

(CHORUS) Ten billion, twelve billion, fourteen and change,  
They're testing new missiles down home on the range.  
Nobody notes how we're raising our fee  
To enjoy the largesse of the ol' D.O.D.

Come along Shlomo, Jose and Hassan -  
Though you're at peace now, things can always go wrong.  
But if you buy from us you'll have no need to fear  
That we sold the same bombs to your neighbors last year!

(CHORUS)

Our fighter has guns, missiles, smart bombs and more  
Computers and ECM radars galore.  
It'll scare all the Commies right out of the skies;  
It's a third overweight, but who cares if it flies!

(CHORUS)

As kind defense contractors, we'll quote the price  
In quantity one, on this little device:  
It's a ten-cent transistor to most random shmucks  
But this one is yours for just five hundred bucks!

(verse due to  
Paul "Not my  
brother" Rubin)

(CHORUS)

So let's go and lobby the Congress today;  
with Reagan in office none stand in our way.  
Our national security mission is clear:  
More profits defending the last High Frontier!

(FINAL CHORUS) Ten billion, twelve billion, fourteen and change;  
With Star Wars, our missiles can head for Lagrange!  
Up into orbit we're raising our fee.....  
This space has been paid for by your D.O.D.

QUOTE OF THE YEAR DEPARTMENT:

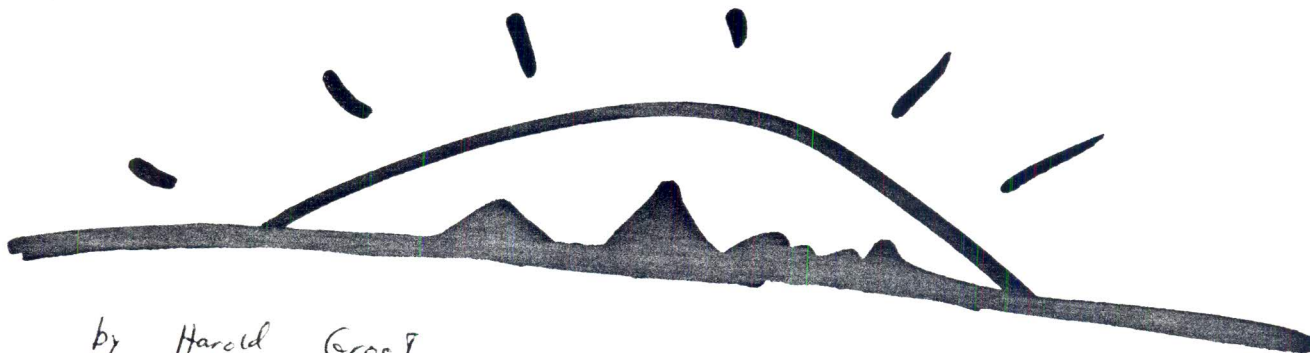
" 'Anything that's too stupid to be spoken nowadays is sung,' said Voltaire. Gad, he should have lived in these days!" --Liz Smith in the Daily News a few months back (reference on request, I've mislaid the clipping).  
Anybody care to look up the original?







# Filkers      Do It 'Till      Dawn



by Harold Groer  
2285 Deborah Dr. #2  
Santa Clara, CA 95050  
(408) 985-9564

Verse 7  
Part 3

## GRACE NOTES

Cover/VB : I like it

GK: Ribbit, ribbit

RR: Overaged Fan's Lament has possibilities, but it's not there yet. I like "Ladyhawke"

RW & MJ: Yes, indeed, "something needs to be done". More below.

JB: Yo Ho - San Francisco has gone through the same battle.

MM: I'm glad you included both sides.

GB: Good luck for you and the rest of the parcel. As for Kirk, it's the only excuse they can use to keep him in Star Fleet - he doesn't get out until he repays his debt, after about Star Trek 9.

MG: Great Minds in the same gutters, eh?

PW: As they say, timing is everything (sometimes).

MB: I suppose someone will eventually do a verse about the computers in the Garden of Eden (Eve had an Apple, Adam had a Wang).



## OK, NOW WHAT?

Looking back on Worldcons, Filkcons, and even local filksings, it seems obvious that the problem of conflicting styles, expectations, and general filk etiquette is getting worse. This topic has been discussed here before, as well as in Kantele and progress reports, but we don't seem to be making much progress. And while it is true that everybody had a good time, fewer people than expected had a great time.

I think that we are all agreed that you can't please all the people all of the time. What we want to do is give the most people as good a time as possible, while avoiding giving anybody a terrible time.

I think in general we agree that a large sing should have a variety of styles. It can be different rooms, different nights, but this way people can pick and choose. I think it also helps if the rules are known ahead of time. It also helps to have a moderator/demighod helping run things. While these things all help, they are not necessarily sufficient.

One of the complaints was that certain performers left the room to play in the halls. Let's decide, are certain people performers or is this a group effort? In the case of a GoH or other "invited" person, they should feel a sense of duty to be a performer, even though the style may not be their favorite. This does not mean they must spend 100% of their time in the circle, but a large amount of it would be nice.

Another complaint was about a specific person who hogged too much time. Well, until he gets better "convention manners" there are only two sources of correction - the demighod or the other filkers. I can't say whether or not I was responsible for the improvement (it could, for example, have been a smaller alcohol content the next day), but I did talk with one of the people complained about, and he seemed to do much better the next day. In most cases, if someone is bothering you, they don't really realize how much. When told, they often improve immediately. Especially if you can point to a set of guidelines and say "here's what we agreed to do, and here's what you're doing".

Assuming that there is a moderator, I would like to suggest that nobody else try to moderate at the same time. The moderator has a certain amount of official standing, and people are less likely to be upset by a ruling one way or the other. When someone else tries to butt in, they have no official standing and they're trying to overrule the consent of the official. At a local sing a few months ago there was just such a situation. While this is not the place to review the exact details, it wound up spoiling that evening completely for at least two people. Furthermore, it is continuing to spoil evenings, as neither one wants to go to a sing if they know the other one is there (and if they do go, they probably spend a lot of the evening worrying that the other one will show up). If both parties had left matters up to the moderator there might have been bad feelings for a few minutes, but I doubt that anyone's evening would have spoiled.

I would like to put in a personnal vote for more performances. Almost every review of the concert portion of a filksing, guests such as Golden Bough, the one-shots (especially at Baycon), almost all of the reviews have been favorable. Almost never is there an "etiquette glitch" at a performance.



Vampire Baby Boogie

by Harold Groot

tune: Kilgarra Mountain (Whiskey in the Jar)

I was born a Vampire when my mother, she was bitten  
And she seemed so relieved when I blood-drained my first kitten  
For when she had to nurse me, well, it got a little nippy  
And so she tried a formula of cows blood mixed with Skippy

With a flap of leather wings  
I am a fly-by-night  
I am a fly-by-night  
And you can be one too

I was a sort of half-breed, for it wasn't me 'twas bitten  
The sun it couldn't kill me, so it seemed only fitten  
That I'd be sent to school, where I became the teacher's pet  
But when I slipped that leash and chain, they found to their regret that

With a flap of leather wings  
I am a fly-by-night  
I am a fly-by-night  
And you can be one too

I finished up my schooling, though we changed schools very often  
In woodshop I surprised the teach by building my first coffin  
Biology enthralled me, and the circulatory system  
And when the teach taught typing (blood) I almost could have kissed him

With a flap of leather wings  
I am a fly-by-night  
I am a fly-by-night  
And you can be one too

My college days were happy and my knowledge grew extensive  
But cash was short, for rare blood types they get so darned expensive  
I organized a blood drive and got volunteers a-plenty  
The Red Cross got 15 fresh pints each time I siphoned 20

With a flap of leather wings  
I am a fly-by-night  
I am a fly-by-night  
And you can be one too

Well, now I'm out among you, and I run a Diet Clinic  
I drain away their weight (in blood) until they look anemic  
But now it's time to leave because there almost was a riot  
Besides, you risk your health by living on a high-fat diet

With a flap of leather wings  
I am a fly-by-night  
I am a fly-by-night  
And you can be one too



